

HAMPTON, PHOEBUS AND OLD POINT—Continued.

Presidential Vote In Past Years

From 1824 to 1904.

Year	Candidates	Party	Pop. Vote	Elec. Vote
1824	John Q. Adams	Coalition	105,321	84
	Andrew Jackson	Republican	155,872	99
	W. H. Crawford	Republican	44,282	41
	Henry Clay	Republican	46,587	37
1828	Andrew Jackson	Republican	617,231	178
	John Q. Adams	Nat. Rep.	509,997	83
1832	Andrew Jackson	Democrat	687,502	219
	Henry Clay	Nat. Rep.	539,189	49
	John Floyd	Anti-Mason	33,198	11
	William Wirt	Anti-Mason		7
1836	Martin VanBuren	Democrat	476,549	170
	W. H. Harrison	Whig		73
	Hugh L. White	Whig		26
	Daniel Webster	Whig	736,656	14
	W. P. Mangum	Whig		11
1840	W. H. Harrison	Whig	1,275,917	234
	Martin VanBuren	Democrat	1,128,792	60
	James G. Birney	Liberty	7,059	
1844	James K. Polk	Democrat	1,337,243	170
	Henry Clay	Whig	1,294,068	105
	James G. Birney	Liberty	62,300	
1848	Zachary Taylor	Whig	1,260,191	163
	Lewis Cass	Democrat	1,220,544	127
	Martin VanBuren	Free Soil	291,263	
1852	Franklin Pierce	Democrat	1,601,474	254
	Winfield Scott	Whig	1,386,578	42
1856	James Buchanan	Democrat	1,838,169	174
	John C. Fremont	Republican	1,341,204	114
	Millard Fillmore	American	874,534	8
1860	Abraham Lincoln	Republican	1,866,252	180
	S. A. Douglas	Ind. Democrat	1,375,157	12
	J. C. Breckenridge	Conserv. Union	845,762	72
	John Bell	Democrat	589,581	39
1864	Abraham Lincoln	Republican	2,216,067	212
	George B. McClellan	Democrat	1,598,725	21
1868	U. S. Grant	Republican	2,015,671	214
	Horatio Seymour	Democrat	2,709,613	80
1872	U. S. Grant	Republican	2,597,070	286
	Horace Greeley	Democratic Lib.	2,834,679	
	Charles O'Connor	Democrat	29,468	
	James Black	Temperance	5,668	
1876	R. B. Hayes	Republican	4,035,950	185
	Samuel J. Tilden	Democrat	4,284,885	184
	Peter Cooper	Greenback	81,749	
	G. C. Smith	Prohibition	9,522	
1880	James A. Garfield	Republican	4,419,053	214
	W. S. Hancock	Democrat	4,442,065	155
	J. B. Weaver	Greenback	307,306	
	Neal Dow	Prohibition	10,305	
1884	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	4,911,017	219
	James G. Blaine	Republican	4,848,334	182
	J. P. St. John	Prohibition	115,809	
	Benjamin F. Butler	Greenback	132,825	
1888	Benjamin Harrison	Republican	5,445,003	233
	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	5,539,764	68
	Clinton B. Fisk	Prohibition	250,538	
	Alton J. Streeter	Union Labor	146,693	
1892	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	5,556,533	277
	Benjamin Harrison	Republican	5,175,577	145
	James B. Weaver	Peoples	1,132,045	22
	John Bidwell	Prohibition	279,191	
	Simon Wing	Soc. Labor	21,191	
1896	William McKinley	Republican	7,111,697	271
	William J. Bryan	Democrat	6,509,052	176
	John M. Palmer	Nat. Democrat	134,646	
	Joshua Levering	Prohibition	131,312	
	Charles E. Bentley	National	15,968	
	Charles H. Matchett	Soc. Labor	36,373	
1900	William McKinley	Republican	7,217,677	292
	William J. Bryan	Democrat	6,257,853	155
	John G. Woolley	Prohibition	207,368	
	Wharton Barker	Anti-Fusion	50,192	
	Eugene V. Debs	Soc. Dem.	94,552	
	Joseph F. Malloney	Soc. Labor	33,450	
	J. F. R. Leonard	United Chr.	1,059	
	Seth H. Ellis	U. R.	6,698	
1904	Theodore Roosevelt	Republican	7,620,332	336
	Alton G. Parker	Democrat	5,079,041	140
	Eugene V. Debs	Soc. Dem.	402,153	
	Silas C. Swallow	Prohibition	258,847	
	Thomas E. Watson	Populist	115,258	
	Charles H. Corrigan	Soc. Labor	32,612	

* In 1824, as neither candidate received the necessary majority, the House of Representatives elected John Q. Adams.

Virginia Presidential Vote in 1904

Parker, Democrat	81,366
Roosevelt, Republican	47,885
Swallow, Prohibition	1,386
Total	130,637

Vote in Cities

	Parker	Roosevelt	Swallow
Alexander	138	187	4
Bedford	297	133	11
Baena Vista	125	79	6
Charlottesville	294	71	5
Danville	876	101	38
Fredericksburg	352	124	4
Lynchburg	995	292	10
Manchester	285	65	3
Newport News	744	345	20
Norfolk	2,559	457	31
Petersburg	925	144	6
Portsmouth	1,151	247	18
Radford	184	109	4
Richmond	3,749	569	32
Roanoke	1,268	506	24
Staunton	458	182	9
Williamsburg	103	37	2
Winchester	294	146	13
Total	80,658	47,885	1,386

Where Women Excel.

A writer in a London paper says that a woman who is a good housekeeper would, if she were a man, be a Kitchener or a Carnegie, so difficult are the requirements of the profession, with its endless string of meals. The writer hints that we are honoring less about pure food, and that there is a greater tendency to good, solid, substantial food, with more thought of good things to eat than of the alimentary principles.

London's Population.

The population of London, 6,549,000, standing shoulder to shoulder, would form a human wall 1,800 miles long; or put on an area of 9.7 square miles or on a square having sides of 6.84 of a mile.

First District in 1906.

Congressional Vote in First Virginia district in 1906:

	Jones	Belmont
Accomac	851	91
Caroline	246	97
Elizabeth City	356	127
Essex	127	59
Fredericksburg	277	97
Grover	354	47
King & Queen	247	58
Langston	392	38
Middlesex	280	109
Mathews	280	24
Newport News	456	149
Northampton	322	87
Richmond	330	59
Spotsylvania	179	81
Warwick	58	9
Westmoreland	73	21
York	23	21
Total	5,773	1,294

Curtain of Wine Corks.

One of the most fashionable clubs in Berlin has in its supper room a curtain made of champagne corks. Four thousand corks with their silver or gilt covers have been threaded on thin rods decorated with colored ribbons and embellished with small copper balls. It gives a very decorative effect at a distance and has the appearance of a Japanese panel. Each cork is from a bottle of champagne costing about a sovereign, so that the curtain represents an expenditure of something like £4,000.

Tea a Germ Destroyer.

Tea is now elevated to the dignity of a germ destroyer. Dr. McNaught, the medical investigator, has found that typhoid bacilli placed in cold or lukewarm tea are greatly diminished at the end of four hours, and have completely disappeared at the end of 24 hours.

GITTING THE COW

By Byron Williams.



I wish the blamed old cow was dead
I haf 2 git her every day.
No matter what is going on
I haf 2 git her anyway!
Thee Fourth she run away and hid
acrost thee River in thee slush
and half thee Fierworks wuz shot
B4 I found her in thee brush!

thee cutest littel calf in town!
he wobbles when he walks around
and kicks like Sixty with his hed!
he hangs his tale strate out behind
and he is mottled white and Red!
his tongue is offul rough—and long!
and in his back he has a hump!
that makes me think of rheumatiz—
but Jimineel that kalf kin Jump!

and when thee circus wuz in town
she must a smelled thee bares, I
know.
mi Gracious! how she hooked and
balled!
and tore around and acted sol
but yisterday mi ma she kawled
and sed, "Walk up and hurry down!"
and then I found our cow had got

It's funny where Spec got that kalf!
I never seen him loafing round!
I fed her 2 last nite and fixed
her bed upon thee barnyard ground.
I didn't see no Storks about—
"I wonder where she got that kalf!"
sez i 2 Pa. He didn't know.
I BET HE DOES! I seen him LAFF!

My Son's Wife.

Somewhere in this teeming world
there dwells a little girl who some
day will be my son's wife. Perchance,
indeed, she is but numbered among
the potentialities in the land of the
unborn she may be shyly lingering.
For the prospective bridegroom, albeit
he fills his mother's heart, exists only
in miniature. His joyous run is peri-
ous and uncertain. The little linen
suit he wears can forth amazed com-
ment at their maturity. Notwith-
standing, two years is no unfeeling interval
twixt spouses. My son's wife may
well be in fact accomplished. It is
a babe, a newborn babe lying still in
a cradle, that I picture her.

And what is she like, this little girl,
I wonder; this little girl who means
so much to him, so dear to me? Does
she lie there plump or puny, brown
or lilypair, serene or wailing? And
there she lies in it, lace-bedecked,
beribboned hung with curtains
of fair white dimity? Or stands it
bare and rudely fashioned of the two
penny banana-box? Where is the
home that she has come to? Do her
unseeing eyes stare out on white
town streets or on the June-green coun-
tryside? What are the sounds that
fill her unused ears? The twittering
of baby birds, the bleating of baby
lamb, or the roar and clatter of the
cabs or omnibuses? Dwells she in
this land at all? Why, I remind my-
self, I know not even her nationality.

And of what nature is her res-
idence? As the children say, does
she inhabit "palace, mansion cottage,
pigsty, barn?" Surely the jungle has
its lapses. It is something smaller
than a mansion, larger than cottage,
I would wish her. Are they both not
somewhat cramped? May son's wife
come from the home that is nobly
middle-class! But be she pauper or
princess, I will not cavil. In memory
of that other Babe born in the stable,
that other Babe worshiped of princes,
I welcome the daughter-in-law of the
palace, of this barn.

Yet these things are but trifles. I,
too, am the worldly mother. For, prin-
cess or pauper, I would have my son's
wife well-born. I would have her fore-
bears people of honor, of refinement.
I would have this, although I know
that each new generation brings a
new opportunity. Humanity is a com-
pound and not a mixture. The ele-
ments fused together yield an issue
strange and unaccountable. While
there is life there is surely hope!
And yet—ah!—O little unknown
daughter-in-law, may you have been
discreet in your choice of parents?
May you, at least, have found a moth-
er who loves you; indeed, it is the
common, foolish wont of mothers.
May you have found a father who is
a gentleman to you, whatever he be
called otherwise!

But the little girl in her cradle has
already arranged her past. Blameless
or sinful, it is already there. What

use is it for me to speculate? What
use is it for me to think of her at
all? I throw she never thinks of me.
Shenever thinks of her possessions
that I guard so carefully; the silver
tea-service at the bank in its soft
tissue wrappings; the family's sole
diamond ring. She does not think of
such things; she does not care. Yet
could I show them to her, she would
gurggle joyously. In her baby eyes
their shine and sparkle would seem
fair.

And perchance when she doth
realize her treasures she will no longer
prize them. For my son's wife
may be an artist, deeming crude val-
ues distinctive of the loathed Philis-
tine; or a learned lady despising
gaude and baubles; or a little social-
ist, happily certain that in universal
earthquake lies the cure of human
ill. Yes; methinks my son's wife will
be a socialist. Daughter-in-law, I will
respect your scruples; I will admire
your noble discontent. You shall melt
the silver tea-service; you shall sell
the diamond ring. You shall sell it,
and print therefrom pamphlets, to reform the wicked plut-
ocrat.

But although my son's wife may
deem silver teapots worthless, al-
though she may consider pearls more
futile cast before swine, yet there is
one possession I am guarding that she
will hold very precious, one belong-
ing that awaits her fro which she
will surely carve.

Then, it is of this that I shall tell
her, this one thing of importance. I
prate of silver services when should
describe my son. Tall I see him for
his years, his two years, as he plays
on the sword before me; tell and ex-
ceedingly sturdy. His eyes are brown,
but his hair curls goldenly. (Little
girl, are you not glad with me that
his hair curls goldenly? Strong he is,
and merry. When he hurts himself
he cries but seldom. Rarely is he
weary. What else is there to tell
about him? Ah, see, he runs toward
me with his arms outstretched. Very
loving to his mother is this little son
of mine.

But perchance my unknown daugh-
ter-in-law will feel that filial piety
concerns her not. Perchance she may
resent it. And yet it is a desirable
quality. All the things that I have
told her are desirable qualities; they
should tend to make a happy wife.
For two years this son hath brought
his mother more happiness than she
had ever known. It is not, then, prob-
able that he will one day bring joy
unto his wife? Little daughter-in-law,
I pray that my son may give to you
as great a peace, as great a comfort
as he hath given me. I pray, although
in truth the prayer is more for my
son's sake than for yours, since you
are yet a stranger to me—Oh, may
my son come unto his wife as unop-
posed as he came to me. May he be

pure in heart when he enters upon
his second birth, the birth of the new
dual life! May he always, and
whatever befall him, never cease in
seeing God!

But my son's wife, for her part,
what will she be like? Little girl in
your cradle, you must remember your
part. You, too, must grow up brave
and straight and strong. Into your
keeping I give my son's future. You
must grow up worthy to be his wife.
Alas! the words are empty, for you
do not know him. You do not know
your fate. Grow up, then, O little
girl, worthy to be yourself. Grow up,
for I can ask no more, worthy to be
a new woman.

For, amid all the uncertainties,
there is one thing that is certain. My
son's wife, whoever she may be, will
enter into an enlarged heritage. For
in the days to come, the days that be-
long to little girls yet sleeping in their
cradles, women will have greater op-
portunities. In the days to come,
women will no longer be a subject
race, dwelling in a man-ruled world.
No; women will hold in their own
hands the molding of their own des-
tinies. My son's wife shall be a free-
woman in an England that is truly
free.

And so farewell, little girl. Fare-
well, for in the surging crowd I can-
not find you; I cannot hear your
voice; I do not know your face. To
all my eager questioning, to all my
hopes, my prayers, my fears,
there is but one answer—silence. On-
ly silence. The future holds you
shrouded. To my son and me you
stand like an Eastern bride behind
the veil. May all go well with you,
my daughter-in-law, until that veil be
raised! May loving care attend your
ways! May your childhood be a
laughing one! Farewell, you little
girl; farewell, for many, many years!
Farewell, until that shadowy faroff
day when we shall meet again! Fare-
well!

Meanwhile, I have my son.—Mrs.
Israel Zangwill, in the Westminster
Gazette.

Forestry in Japan.

Just at the time when this country
is beginning to struggle with the prob-
lem of husbanding its forests re-
sources, of protecting its mountain
slopes, and of improving the water-
ways, it is interesting to know that
the Japanese have successfully at-
tacked the same problem, before the
land suffered severely from the evil
effects following deforestation. The
far-sighted people of Nippon have fore-
seen the results of the destruction of
their extensive mountain forests, and
have safeguarded themselves by plac-
ing all of these under government con-
trol.

The practice of forestry has been
carried on in Japan for a longer time
than in other country. For 1,200
years the people of Japan have been
planting and growing forests, with
a success that has been a little short
of marvelous. Under careful manage-
ment, the Japanese forests yield very
high financial returns. This high
yield is only made possible by the
close utilization of every bit of the
tree so that scarcely a twig is wasted,
and by the improvement of the growth
of their forests by carefully con-
ducted thinning and tending. The woods
are first thinned at the age of thir-
teen years, and then every five years
after that up to the time of the final
harvest, at 120 years.

It was with the opening up of the
hitherto inaccessible mountain forests
that the Japanese government became
most intensely interested in forestry.
The mountains were still government
land, so all that was necessary to pro-
tect them was to place proper re-
strictions on the sale and cutting of
timber. This was effected by declar-
ing the forests on the steep slopes as
reserved forests, in which the only
cutting should be done under govern-
ment direction. The forests on agri-
cultural lands, not needed for pro-
tection, are classed as available for-
ests, and here the cutting is not care-
fully restricted.

Thus Japan has effectually pre-
vented the stripping of her mountain
slopes before any great damage has
been done. In some districts, where
the mountains are near the towns, the
steep slopes have already been cleared,
and this has resulted in floods and
the washing down of the soil from the
slopes on to the farm lands. But
these cases have been exceptional, and
have merely served as a warning,
which Japan has heeded before it was
too late to prevent widespread de-
struction.

Man's Blundering Reason.

Beasts, birds and insects, even to
the minutest and meanest of their
kind, act with the unerring province
of instinct; man, the while, who pos-
sesses a higher faculty, abuses it, and
therefore goes blundering on. They,
by their unconsciousness and unhesi-
tating obedience to the laws of nature,
fulfill the end of their existence; he,
in wilful neglect of the laws of God,
loses sight of the end of his.—Robert
Southey.

Fagin's Kitchen.

Another piece of Dickens' London is
being demolished in Fulwood's Rents,
Holborn, the shallow basement of
which is said to have been the original
of Fagin's thieves' kitchen. It was
also a resort of Jack Sheppard, and
at an earlier date Francis Bacon lived
in the building.

For Rent

238 Lee street, 5 rooms.
clatren \$15.00
Hampton Roads, 7 rooms. 11.00
Raleigh avenue, 7 rooms. 11.00
129 Wise street, 7 rooms. 10.50
808 Jackson St. 3 rooms. 10.00
328 Holt St., 5 rooms... 8.00

Mallory ave., 7 rooms... \$15.00
LaSalle ave., 7 rooms... 10.00
333 Elm St., 12.00
54 Holt St., 6 rooms... 10.00
10 Cary St., 8.50
243 Lee St., 10.50

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